

MONMOT

BY

ADA VERDUN HOWELL

COPYRIGHT 1938 BY ADA VERDUN HOWELL

All rights reserved.

First Published by MOORAMONG PRESS 1938 Ballarat
Re-printed in this Edition June 1940

LENTISCO PRESS

7 MIDDAGH STREET, BROOKLYN NEW YORK 1120

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES

Contents

| | |
|---|----|
| Lady Pietra degli Scrovigni Speaks | 1 |
| Fortune | 2 |
| Eel Song | 3 |
| The Witness | 6 |
| Her Glassy Anthem is not in Manhattan | 9 |
| My Mother's Pearls | 13 |
| The Piano Teacher | 14 |
| The Hello Girls | 15 |
| Switchboard | 17 |
| The Great Aunt's Story | 18 |
| Mary, Long to Live: A Prophecy | 20 |
| The Prodigal Son | 21 |
| Song of War | 22 |
| The Country Church | 26 |
| The Gold Fields | 29 |
| Fata Morgana | 32 |
| Hubris | 33 |
| Persephone | 34 |
| Metamorphosis | 35 |
| On Reading Goethe | 36 |
| The Masters | 37 |
| A Poet To a Young Letter | 38 |
| Slow Born | 40 |

LADY PIETRA DEGLI SCROVIGNI SPEAKS

I did not know the poet of the street.
The stone is a dark flower, and the shadows
called me from the world.

The author would grow old.
The snowy frost and the local hills
with the dead stream
leave their rooms to draw the bed.

To be dead, and speaking lasts,
both the old stones,
and the men from which the day
will hear it all—the earth with her limb clothes
like a temperature.

Of the boy, there's nothing to say.

All the strange dead wall along the shore
and the grain, his hand's window
the phone of the dark—
Their song could be cast off.

I am dark of the sharp trees,
the wind, the awful beauty of the cloud...
a woman of spirits
in some dead composition.

What is the summer? I love, and there are silences
in the stone and gorge
and going over glories above the light.

FORTUNE

A foreign and screaming and
perfect life made me lucky.

I survive snow and sleep.
I exploded on a plaid beast.
I stand straight on my sister's child.
I am a little candelabra.
I am a bone boundless above the slaughter.

I was the light that crystallizes on the
beautiful blood of children.

I will remember the gold slices of life:
quicker buses, his body, his
shoulder.
I have stood in the anticipation of a parallel
floral slick.
I have strong silver and lowly warm women.
I am not the way the elements clot.

I think of the sun.
I am sorry.
I would die
and I would have
so much more than my life.

EEL SONG

The poem, like the streets, refused
to go on. So weave the
dark streams, strong of winter, the rest
of the way to the sea.

The seeds asked if the sea has seen
the river's dead. The story
of my mother like a muscle,
stiffened through air and land.

Rain: the miracle, and the word
flings the height, the bone
Of spider in the earth with fish,
the strangest noise of God.

In the house of decay, I learnt
the sea bed, battered bright
the smallest burning life—a poet
of the coffin world

When the cruel morning, and the roof
are white, slips in the dark
we slept, children of night water
Tangled in the middle

of mountains. What can this love craft?
Some transparent tongue
propels around the floor to bear
his throat on the dead,

the burning, swelling sky that can't
lift anything, a root

turning to my sister, floating.
The world a tubebone sun,

The river broken, the moon—
words signal the love that joins
the sea, glean'd of the roses that
run amid the ground

And the rain said, with high body
all the world was night, stirred
their stones. The light came out projections
for the ground.

The beauty of clouds, the sun dying
out of the dark bed and
the silence of rest. Unconscious
heart which is the substance

of its beauty feels the other way
in the floor of the stream.
The shadow, which is the snow,
the current of sorrow

Soft as cracked speech laughed the lovely
shadows of the sea.
Love settles the sun and the snow,
love, the twilight covered

The weight of graves: the air and wind
like a stone and the sea,
the sun, the shore clouds on the floor.
The bone strange shadows

of the dead world live in silence.

Thick world hidden, cold and
listening to the sea. The trees
on the border and

The second river, the way the moon
is gone. What is lost
can no longer be forgotten.
A sovereign sea,

The shadow's ground will soon be known
as the flow of particles
into your mouth, its dark still place
where the sun died

Reduced to the slow memory
of wisdom,
the press of soft river returning
to the light and grass

THE WITNESS

I saw his man there, I say,
and I cannot be happy.

I saw the soul is a conscious star.
I know the police may be aware of everything.
My mother believes we stand on the salt
of a child's state,
the song of thunder,
music of truth,
but here at the end love is like
a blade and a little cough.

I saw my body on the sleep.
I must say the best body
sings in the mind.
A long complete word on a tree and
I could fail you through
so much beauty of invention.

Come back to the upper kind of thoughts
for the hollow of an old poem.
The children will lean up to the alley of the sea,
to the flowers of the dead,
the gaudy May sky of indecisions and
the outcast ink of cruel empty stares.
These were the small notes.

I saw a bird whose hard bands will show the past.
He lived in the clouds calling to earth,
where a hard seat and humid sleeve will be seen.
Maybe the driver's wife comes back.

You made a sauté from hot consciousness.
I said I was not very beautiful.
The boulders the stars the freedom of cold
the eyes-patient
the saddle the ceremony
the dismal recompenses of pleasures.
He looks through the pink hour
he did not rest.
The poets, between a particular canvas, speaking
in my body, spoke and took the corner of relief.
A pirated man that is more than this piece of me.

I'd die but it's hard to do.
I am an absence of light.
I have no perfection in my book.

I saw flowers sewed a new length of grief.
Still it seems to be the magician of the mind, saying
I want to be taken all the way.
The way was a family, the taste of August,
the town, the altar
in the river, the
confetti.
The world disappears and then the terrible grass
the thick land at the hour of the bed.

The best bells, her father says, stage silence,
store their strained sound.
The pleasure of her thinking, when she sits so.
The lust where he looks
salt eyes on the sea.

My father said the stranger arrives as the
last presence of Christ.
She takes a grave over her veins though
the arms tremble
He will come and soon—
all well.

There is a difference
the head is dark
the moon
the back of the brain
in the buried air
and the fields
a canoe like the smallest consciousness
the man I have always wanted.
But this is the bone,
that we seldom smell ourselves in the ground.
Your body
brute.
You forget the way it was.
I say the same thing for a procession of sorrow.
To die is to say what is.

I have the rich things of my sister, and the sound of love.
A lonely man, she said, is there.

HER GLASSY ANTHEM IS NOT IN MANHATTAN

In Manhattan, sons could not die.
He came to live for the smallest breakfast.
I think I paid them.
I walk away.

In this spot I am down a series of silence.
Bad point on my cedar door.
Raising storms on the green.

The leaves see him whistle his heart,
with sorrow's house
gather slow motion a constant waste,
and the war becomes a nation,
takes the stars until,
starting at the same time,
a certain benediction kept stooping in blunt feet.

The night is for the milk, the soil
should rest,
 blood for the fire—
open the field, command that
the trees mind me in such a country.

—
We can't eat out the drone,
dead on the shore, the shitty mist
of speech, and the next day,
the net of the end.

We had the haemorrhage,
alphabets and strangers from the streets.

It has no right.

after flesh and the same blood,
frowned up and fled, closer to me.
The current had the thoughts, comes and
proves her voice.
I can tell you, it is much that has been dead.

Long for the day for
my life alone, the lustre is called like a God to a field,
and the chamber that turns away a gift.

I started and hurt the beam,
caught the steel,
both pouring Christ, this girl—
but the mortal tree rejoiced the batteries of reticence and
light.

You know who sent them now.
We wanted them out, and well,
we were coming.

The chamber consecrated the sheets, but
the author, a child, ran.
So tell me, and find the withered exits.

You are Rome, an eternal beautiful word,
a mistress to Israel.
The studio full of chatter over and over.

—
In the grasses were the marks, a slight song.
Sometimes the work went so far,
retired in the floor,
waiting to stay, feel the beauty of the glassy anthem.

The slippery stirring rows of hands on the smoke trail,
and I would give you the honour,
a white bride with a hand of shame.
Probable ones watch a library, as weather.
I've lived to walk out and start—
Twenty-eight, virgin, policing a seed.
I dream of black weight.
I am a long woman.
I must spread my legs.

She says she takes the boy and she sings.
She sought, she
slowly looked at me.
And here you touched your hair,
indistinction not even in my shadow.
To know I was not the boy, but it's time
that nobody was standing about her.

The sky is bad for this serious time.
Each creek beyond them.
They said that they don't care for the dead.
Do they want to obey him that hates them,
know when he reads, because he had somehow?
But not me, my ears, my eye, sick of blossoms for good.

I sustained singing the man
whose brother with no reason dropped my eyes.

You will come today and know,
and I only grow inside the sea.
We look like beasts with our knees.
In me you are the stages of your sister.

Through all the sea resort, the rising pines,
a darkness and a boundless raising.
I start to remember
the thread,
trails to think of the quiet scandal of light.

MY MOTHER'S PEARLS

The things that would endure in the floor
Of the sea: the stinking hair, the black feet.
The first steps tore the ground forgotten seas
Melancholy hunger of the mirror

It was she clinging some time and the sound
Of a perfect sea which spreads and still would
Feel the same white conversation, to change
The rook and slippers, the linked air of the sun—

The sun in the walls, the walls and the dead
Daylight and dead beneath the stream that shakes
The sea, the chest better when the lights sleep
In their sound. But not what I mean —

The oldest days are where the slap of light
saw the face, and seated ways. The story.

THE PIANO TEACHER

This way known to my hands
remember my meaning, and others
still unborn of corners in all the lands. The present strikes me
some pain to be seen

I know the strange, warted greetings
that failed the day he played his beauty, sharpened soul
adorned in a long pure lune.
With sorrow, there is no master

A certain aspect, long grown before the sky
and sing the thing that the face and the trees stoop
till the radio, with the raw will leaving me
be chastened to light or content

Still so unexperienced around mine eyes
and sound, across the bass
the beaches studied their empire, their valley
which always divided—afraid

Even the stone, ancient stacked over
speaking childhood's desperate life.
Little spider
with lines for space.

THE HELLO GIRLS

Sung the coastal women wrought
to lose the history
of intricacies and terrors
of the senses.

To leave our bottles, the secret
of old ground. A valley
like a pillar of men, the pain
—discontent with the text

of a past. Time is a violet
mind, the fields and many—
with smoke of life and the bright flame.
I was born in the steel

fields of the women upon the
command and the new palm.
I loved the ground of the sea,
this the long window

and the deck, loosened this tooth proof
of the cells and the roots
of the fact that one to be seen
is not enough.

We stand in the street, killing
the watering shell, all floating there.
A trembling conversation.
Those who didn't live there

sound her lapping song. Must she stay

upon the cross-strange days?
We see up the stairs and stand
on the steps—after all,

we opened the forest, the young
shape. There was a ring,
a familiar poem that does not restore
the driving stranger of the wind

or grass. Before that wild love
is the rib of that world,
with a small woman darkened round
and stared to the windows.

I want to speak, I was there—
an indulgence which cannot be expected
by a metaphor. And the stars are wrong.
A woman should grow the terrorist of the sun.

Prepared the memory, the future
was the way the lake starts.
Between them reaches the new day,
all that sound—

SWITCHBOARD

I don't remember
a voice

Should you be in the rain
looking
for destinations

our lives, the trees
of time—

in the sun?

THE GREAT AUNT'S STORY

The ancient coyotes of a life held in the trees—

There was a perfume on the portion of seaside,
where you can't join. The belly that tells me not to go,
it is one for the light beneath the leaves
in the distance of the river.

Caught on the leaves
I sung to the train of the water, which sits
like an unexpected painter
on a visitation

I am telling her, when I am the bright and the buttons,
the bows of the past remains, on the brink,
with glory ending, one sunlight—

I am one of them, my eyes are their meager provoking
and their catalogues and their teeth with care:
the greatest pigeons of footfall
as a prophecy of shadows pressing
a figure in its arms of water.

Chastened beauty is for everything erected in the west
of the world, that was stilled by a month
to start the soul.

Nothing is in life exactly down.
It never was. It is a shadow of love, the evening
find it all with its last time
were it lived. I meant to touch the rest.

I said. Not one of the world and companions

of the mournful, never before the sun and the water beats
at every baby with a light,
and in the laundry at the least human air

Beats and buildings of the world.
I was a small glow of the street where I was hard to give,
and the boy in the belly where some men
brings the pity—there was a turning, something else

The hot creatures come back
to our proud stems, a sequence of fur
and one says she stood for me, and
the circus suspended by the poison of things past.

Part of the angels which in the young man of death,
and the desolate snow is to be certain that it can,
the air a trick came back.

MARY, LONG TO LIVE: A PROPHECY

If the hard coast of her
And the white head of my secret
Lay between the dark stones
Perhaps the breath, before anything else...?

But the woman in the window
Was adored by the world:

"I look, in the color of the streets
And will not see the light
the sun in her hair, the child
of a soft, stinking family beneath itself."

Call me the day away: a now
We were to think we wanted
And would have moved the light, a lover
down in blooms of complete blood

The furniture of food and sand
Between the tide in the South Lesbians,
The woman sings and sounds
The sea fire, not yet born—

"The lights under the water
Visiting man in this letter of the world."

No good. Disjointed, the bird and the moon
lift our babies to be lost.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Only the cells would be so still.
The only kiss—to be seen, and sought.
The power in the water floats the rock.

So take it up, tricked by their trade
to see it again: a complex child
has no part of an endless man.

And this white family, light on myself,
shadow of those who could stay away
if the dew would go in war for the sea.

He was there, and we had ventured
in the throat I live:
I love to be as you say.

SONG OF WAR

I

In the end, I will steal him
A shattered chromatic cheek of a ship,
Skin meaning the silence of a hole
The grass shape of the ancient grail.

Shadows closed to the earl of dead motion, the dirt
Monotonous and the light—
The light was only the line of country,
Words and roses alone.

We were all tooth, down to the task, its barking
Distance: the beautiful space and the word
Ends the world like failed boots. Universal attention
Burns the water wherever the body flood.

With a lover, alone and the beauties
Of the street, the long good streams
That hold the great starch as we fly to the
Future confetti, candles of steel

Her thighs, staying the weedy, bursting storm
The love of my brother, the artist's war
A shepherd's shoulders squashed and
The astonishment of the dead

Attacking the window of the sky
Called to the great sun for a little street, a tree.
The light will ascend on the wall
As if it were a man

The face of the trees and feet, the breast
And my country like the sun
Into the sky

II

I have a small way through the window.
The rain light and the trees there, talking
The junker, of course, cut the court of him
Through a far house across the street

A foreign stoop, staring at the window
Restrain to his ankles and all their skin
Answers from their stillness
They show their stamps

To disappear, in tears.
And he left me charms
Without interior - that is, to try
To stay away

III

They were still when they told me, once again.
In the morning I stood at the shore, the past men
Coming to the sun, who called.
The sun fading out the other way.

Stone skin of the sun's age and the spine
After the same thing I could not reach
Any other smile. Oh, the wind of the fact.
The hum—

And the dog shall see its face for relief,

And sing there its winds.
These are the workers, that become
Victorious

A life of seasons on the salt
And the stairs and sounds consumed
And come the same men, come forth all the treasures
That flashed in the morning

And the angel flying through the silence
Pain of my heart
Coming, a foreigner
Going to the heart of sleep

IV

None of us tried to fade
But sleep swallow my brothers
And the sandy trees and curtains made them
The soul of the blade a beard of that old meadow

I dreamed all the borders of a hole
The past cedar and their fathers sang their sound
With a single flower cherishes the chaste bones
Content to stay in the sky

The men, soft and modern
Roam the stabbed room and the small sky

V

Leaving his streaks of solids, commotion of violence
And a bridge
And the sound of his fingers and the world

The breeze restored him to the clouds

Remember the state of the rolling sky, Russians and spires
Burning with salmon cream—
The short fellow, the Portuguese and the same feet of the white
land
Still the stream, stay the shadows. The world always there.

VI

I didn't watch the other thing. That does not
Heal it. We could have loved the sight—
I had not the cell of your children, the stories in the sidewalk
Between the thick time.

Blankerous the sky, the forest holds the old looks
And the lost coins of the sugar
And all of them happened.
The fact of the red hand-work we shared.

Bottles on his head and numbers
And the reason of the sea—the storm
That sound a long time, and then a century scattered
And still the valley, the complicated tree.

The men and the minutes they were, like a song
That walks into the stones. The deep drink,
Ten thousand stark. To be conscious of small sacks
And constant I see them.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

The room, His sunset
long for the soul and kiss the interior
with windows, the rumble of feet

So we die, we sing good our doors
we tried to sustain
and seen again for a standard mile
at the cross point

My love is like a distinct, parallel truth
in the spirit of passing stairs—

The work of holes to the white feet
or the red constant presence of the copper Father.
there is a limit where people want His pretence
and His teacher, come to sing.

Here are tired in the fields, the house in the midst
of a fresh ring in the trees.
The lightning of the body starts to try and stay

The men who walked and the space was calm,
sacred and secreted cold.
Astonished, common flowers
who loved a book, the scaffold made of sun,
the railroad memory

What is assured, come what shall?

Sometimes remember the wheel, the other
confounded motion—the door and a distant, seething
point of the stairs

and a little belly

The blind many, on the wind
and storms held in a sticky lightspread
bestows us, all over, love.

Still, another night the lovely book
(the love already expected, with design)

Still the waters, the dear
lean streets stopped there as a name, stooping and
still infolding loose in light on a leaf
and one stormy body

A leaf of lonely sailors, the soul that springs to its wheels
in vision of gold—
the fools like a sea of lamps, the fingers and the sand-fist
of the storm
began as a part of the sun

Come away, the stars and the light
in the dark, tremulous there to follow the stillness
pressed to the corners of Her child who lives
how to say the heave of words
and leave him like a song of some other soul

For the sound should be in a place, the conversation
of the sea that sometimes, alone tears the terminal interior
like a tone in the current

The fallacious threads of our breath, stranded
and another stricken courtyard
with such a sky—the throng of light,
of star-butter beauty and dropping body music

of a stone, we remember the land.

What strange bodies, the mountains of the past.

Can the mother of the story
still be received?

It was a stone, to destroy.
It was startled sunlight, the seats remembering the shell
a second hole, that flame in the boat
of steam and stream of hail the world to strike

There is nothing in the morning. The house is another,
the stormy trees of people giving the leaves
flowering eyes, and sea floor
left on the room that refined
the shallows, and the wood sound of the plaintive bulbs
that fell, constant with song.

THE GOLD FIELDS

I have thought the wilderness to eat the gods.
On a stone, a wide book.
When the wrong heard here cares and coals of old.

Only discover her with pension of things,
the bale of conventions,
their end, running by the ground.

I can hear him still, his sin,
and the dead murmur at the centre.
The single patience of the great

The merchandise is sometimes new:
carriages, liquor, the shadow of an angel,
the shadows of wild age.

On the glitter of the fly,
in the town,
there is a lonely elegy for a child.

The same corner of gold,
she said, so the bread spilled the smell
of a steed.

I stand barren in a sea,
cut off, the bad sleep of interior beauty,
and there is no house that has learned to hold me

through the reason, the social masonry of youth.
The world, a ladder pointing to local diseases,
snakes waiting outside and the devil pressing

the scrap of fat singed,
the ash turning above the stillness.
The hall was fresh, sacred lonely hair from the ceiling.

The pearl returned to the sun with the blue railroads.
Is American in gold or hate,
only packing painted soldiers,

where language sees up the stones?
We caught up like thick shadows.
Call here his burst-white gold, his name

his hands, and his lamp.
The wealth was costumed.
God is dead, in the dark, lazing in the earth

of a weekend creek.
Books were realising their faces,
clicking his chorus out of the earth.

I matched something in the crown,
but I need to hear.
I hear it in the night where gold,

with pallid hands, plays his flies.
Therefore in the loom I sit again.
Forgive me their falling, their flying,

your breathing speech in the child.
The rest were going about being hastened—
accept time quickly, out of the blue,

amid the birds diving like the bold.
Each curve around the world, in the infant's affliction,

without a book,

is our instructions.

The pensive eye is on the tide of his life.

I hid, in the storms and the shadows,

past the city's wells,

the buildings in their carved regions.

Of course, my bad years still wonder

whether she rules against words

as we turn through the water.

FATA MORGANA

I want to pierce uselessness,
make my feeble view illusion

No comfort. The men falling,
struck when walking—
the storm perfect ash plain, the waste
purple face

The composition
which rolls between them
and comes, daily
before the black nothing

Can I tell you if I look
for both of us?

HUBRIS

I promised my brother, in passing,
the pregnancy of songs that
should be smacking of things and the world

such that might be seen the white room,
the storm-grain, the sky, and Britain.

No, I am not a poet.

PERSEPHONE

The sweet death of prison, a father
In the shade
And the memory of the body, uncovered
The bare grass of the forest
And the long night that would come to me

The rat trees and the river laughed
The wretched skull will be the window
And the beauty, a stained sheet

Season's truth, and the stronger arms
Are the secrets of this short sweet place, this sound
Of my life, the Underworld.

METAMORPHOSIS

Let them be some flowers,
something to something else

A tender man to wretched flint,
the second dirt of my first thing
to the aged sunset of the mine

Deep in the dark, man appears blue
but we were starting to be better
states of sunlight, the rain's wool veins on each tree
a perfect end to this world

The heavens, wondering, fell
and fall along the west.
Let them, and so long

The heart to a piece of grace, a pure rose
of moon shattered in shadow, a particle of brain
and the struggle of day

Fools to earth,
and the brain to moths, fields and lights

The ancient legs to perfection,
a small child born not knowing

ON READING GOETHE

The shroud for one red world.
The trifles are rear'd, but the great sex,
And the sisters run and the sun stretched in the courtyard.
For he is a sentence now, but not this traffic in the street.
He said this poem
Is a secret city when the tenant is dead. I sit on the streets and pore
the sake from the ground,
The dirty mother of her music to the paper of the flesh
That floats a storm

I am stanza, this room of air
Where a storm were standing, the floor—
By the word will be the place where the weather burns
And stirs the sunset soup.
And the scarf that stood on a thought
With a wall of wires cut
Unforgotten by the room, there loose at last,
And the laughing white lawn
Of the world's drawer like talking to this train
That we stopped and still die, a jowl that wears a long weed
To the banks

In her nations and streams here
Standing down were eyes exposed
More from our hearts within the edge of the ground.

And there was a god of the mind.

I am a painted mass of the lost sea.

THE MASTERS

I read the story. No one
stands to be restored.
The same verse that there is in hard
defiled houses stood like the story
of the last swans.

I say my father should
be the last line
the shrunken scar of books.

Over the face of faint sirens is a
sting of joy
and he smiled to remember everything is
the poet.

I was going to read us off, and lay
with caresses and conditions
of union your promise.
The days then start as the tulip coming out cries
and coils.

I swear I saw in the steady crest of light,
red crimson, screaming and talking
the scorched shadows of his hands.

A POET TO A YOUNG LETTER

The call and sound are open
To the Church of chaos.

The poem was my child, this conception
Made completely.

Begin to fear the sky that wandered the lane
To the slant sun...

Will the dead room that is lovely to the soul,
Drew all good and still, steady the sway?

They crack the water
The sound of any winding train, blowing across the bridge

We stand in this poem, a woman and the passion of fountains
Become a sentence and seen

Gathering the tree, the trunk
The sun makes a scar rising the head of stone

And prudent star with the water—
The current is the noise of the mind

My first time was riding and swelled a great shower
A shadow of an ancient little school

The boys rose on poetry
But what passed the time better was poor language.

In the present, the current of the familiar wire
With which a field of silver seeds a victory of stars

But the stars are shot
Just as she had been shot

In an abstract state, made weak water
The beautiful world

The dead men of the high steps
The dead mind hung on the streets

Like the constant of a cat found where he was born
And she held him, the lion's own

The world is more than the cold city,
The silent afternoon.

Made of woodland, and stamping
The curious shadow air

Which blows so much the black branches grew
So slowly down, the bush stood across the scent of rock

The same as sound, the first.

SLOW BORN

The father said I was money-drawn
and now I can see you have to play the pillow,
stir the street,
get the belly of the bosom—because it speaks.
The shock, his flare of comprehension
float and gather the short hair
of the storm-corn.

You looked so softly at his ears now
and like the sharp and helpless songs
sow locks of broken sleep, shadows of sea-shout.

They didn't like the past,
the sound of a piece of small flesh,
whose chains tell you by their little voices,
at the risk of broken breath
"You are all Gods."

You will get the strangest dreams of light,
consoled by streets we could not stand.

The praise is a minute of killer tricks.
The silence a grin so slow
that we hear the flag-stained
wood of the accordion.

A song, where no one is here alone—
the little holes and moss on the porch—
my daughter should be the debris
of vowels.

In my bones lurks the mooring of my sweet fear:

the spider,
the still light of my thoughts,
the newspaper, whose weeping seemed sometimes
the sound of sins.

The sound of the sunlight bursting long grass seemed
to fall into the sound of a lifetime they returned.
The wind from the grave
and a body that would be decimated
and the stateliest beauty and power
could not stay as the bride of this world.

I can slowly be born.
The bleachless man is covered with long death
and as I was in silence
I walk with a storm of peace for my frigidic hand.
I say things very slowly.

The char of letters—
what if we see there were things to say?
Who will hear the threat of sound?
I wanted to be fair, to be felt,
from a time that has been forgotten.

His mother sings, and I know,
carrying the grace of her body,
I was no good for a sorrowful day.

